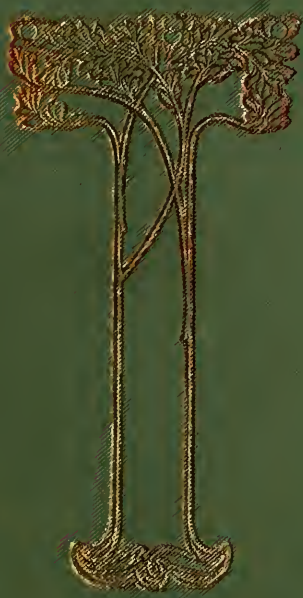


MUSINGS
and
PASTELS



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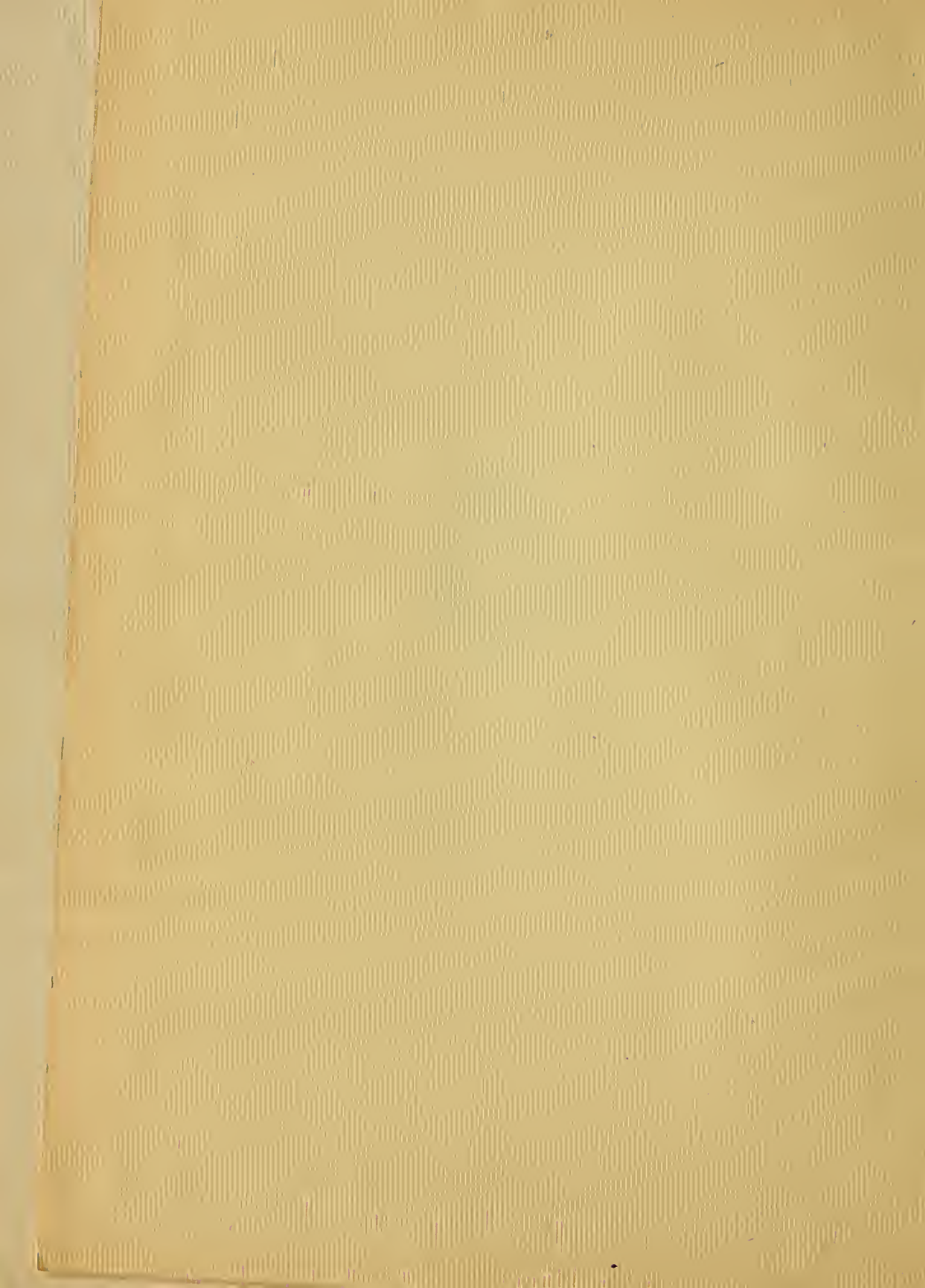
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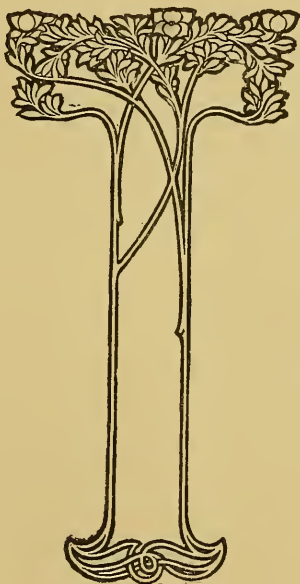
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Musings and Pastels

Edward
By Bert *Finck*, author of
"Webs" and "Plays"



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MUSINGS AND PASTELS.



SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

It is not thought that harms our brain, not all the worlds of thought; 'tis the weight of self-consciousness that stunts our minds and hearts. Think of your work, think of your friends, think of your dog, if it needs must be; think of everything but of yourself, if you would be sane and true.

THE INVARIABLE MEMBER.

In every church, in every club, or lodge of secret order, there is a member who delights in ornamenting self, and who opposes every aim that does not feed his vanity. His food is flattery, which, as too much sweets will surely make dyspeptic, upsets the healthy reasoning of his brain.

THE JUDGMENT HOUR.

As for the judgment hour—it will be glorious to pay our debts, and have debts paid to us; for if we owe, by folly and mistake, we are owed, too, by trouble.

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DISCORD.

Apologies and explanations; efforts to please, and aims to be correct; all insincerity and affectation lies to the heart, the maddest lies of all.

FREEDOM.

We may be so bound that we can not move one step upon this earth, yet at the same time we may be meeting with adventures in the worlds of space. None but the unpoetic are fettered.

SHADOWS.

Shadows of cheated dreams within us stalk across the glitter of our fortunate days. All the jeweled ribbons of praise heaped together can not pay for a heart's broken ideals.

THE FIRST LESSON.

In this world, it is not what we want to do, but what we are truly able to do, which makes us worthy and successful. This is the first lesson of intelligence. It is a hard and disagreeable lesson, but after it has once been thoroughly learned and digested, all the other lessons which are given to us by life become easy and pleasant.

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ORIGINALITY.

Let us never try to be original, for if we do, we will be affected, and affectation is coarse and commonplace. Let us be perfectly natural, and we will then be original, since it is natural for every one of us to be original. What is often called originality, is perversity.

SOCIABILITY.

Speak to every one; this is the creed of policy and kindness. The sociable rascal is more beloved than the unsociable man of honor. The greatest vice in the eyes of the populace is unsociability.

HOPE.

A weird hope rustles in the leaves that shade feverish exhaustion, along ambition's rocky way where sensitiveness stumbles. Inspiration sings to the fallen.

THE SUCCESSFUL.

It is not he that has gathered the most coin, it is not he that has distributed the most coin, who is rich and successful; but he who can smile in the midst of his trouble, and see good in life, even though it has wounded him.

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PURITY.

Purity is simply a more lyrical word for unselfishness—unselfishness in love, unselfishness in art, unselfishness in friendship, unselfishness in truth. The selfish are impure, though their morals be white as the brow of chastity itself.

IMMORTALITY.

Many a man is dead, even though he is not buried; many a man is living, with his ashes in the tomb. Life is not always life; death is not always death—nothing's immortal but sincerity.

FAILURE.

No one has failed in life but he that is untrue to his ideals. Many, though seated on Fortune's throne, feel pangs of utter loss.

BEAUTY.

No flower that speaks its mood in subtle color, no peak that lifts its powers to the sky, are half so pleasing to the gods of beauty as the bearer of true honor and true pride. The lofty scorn for meanness and oppression, the frown of right on smirking masks of wrong, are grander sights to eyes of the immortals than are all of nature's

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sweet or fearful charms. Great is the sun, with its sympathy; great is the star with its prophecy; but greatest of all is a word of the heart, outspoken fearlessly.

WISDOM.

How beautiful is thought, when graced by tender sympathy! but it is harsh and valueless when pity is not there. No one is wise who can not pity; the heart of wisdom's sympathy.

IF YOU WERE DEAD.

If you were dead, your troubles would be ended; your passions stilled, and pains forever gone; your debts would all be paid, for death owes none; your torturing aspirations would be stifled in the grave. If you were dead, none would misunderstand you, for there could be no doubt, then, as to what you really are; all ghosts would cease to stare—ghosts of neglected duty—for death relieves us from responsibility. If you were dead, you would have no more fears of what the future might unfold to you; if you were dead, you would have peace, sweet peace, but not the faces that are dear to you; and therefore life, with all its sharp ills, is precious, till those faces fade away.

THE GHOST.

(Mingled Whisperings of Affrighted Human Beings.)

Speak to it, Paul; you are the wisest.

No, Edward, you—you have more sense than I.

Oh, no, no, no! my tongue is very foolish—it would surely make a blunder, and bring woe upon us all!

The Ghost. (aside) If I should speak to them, they all would run away; but could I only play with them again their game of quarreling, politics, or trade, of fashion, sin—O, any of the games that make life interesting!

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, THE JAIL OF SENSE.

Think not, am I clever? Am I foolish? or dull? Am I great? Am I little? Do I dazzle, or bore? Am I light? Am I awkward? Deep, shallow, or queer? Am I tall? Am I small? Fat, heavy, or lean? Am I bold? Am I modest? Fresh, mouldy, or green? Do I talk like a poet, a parrot, or clown? Think, whatever I am, there are others like me. Let this crush my conceit, and weaken my fears. My companions are legion in folly or worth, in lack of adornment, in power of gifts. For none but the angels are alone in this world, and they hide their wings for company's sake. Think but "I am one with mankind."

THE LEAVES.

The leaves are falling thick and fast upon his white, uncovered head; they fall, at times, on the page of his book, held close to his tired eyes; and his frail hand brushes them away down into the stream at his side. Is the hand growing frailer all the time, that it moves the leaves with lessening haste, until, at last, it does not move, but presses one against the page? What thought has the lingering contact brought from the depth of sleep in the reader's brain? that he should turn his eyes away from the book, toward the stream? To see the leaves that worried him, meeting each other in harmony, as though they have a story to tell of why they are floating there. Does the leaf, underneath the thin, pale hand, repeat the words of their drifting tales? That it should be raised to the tired eyes, and then to the old man's lips. "Can you forgive a fool," they ask, "and give him back what books took away? the wisdom of simplicity, lost by mad search and doubt?"

The leaves are falling faster still, upon his white, uncovered head; they hide from his brightened eyes the book, dropped down from his hand to the ground.

HAPPINESS.

He looked for happiness in books, but found more unrest. He looked for it in nature, but found nothing there to soothe. He looked for it in social life, but met with glittering vacancy. He looked for it in solitude, but maddening visions came.

Then as he sank upon the ground, helpless, exhausted with despair, invisible arms uplifted him to heights above the hills. The atmosphere was soft and pure, bright flowery dreams saluted him, and music floated on the winds in drifting phantasy.

“Why, this is happiness!” he cried; “who are you, friend, that brings me here, after my hopes began to fail, and searches all seemed vain?”

“Through me alone you enter here,” a rich, sonorous voice replied. “All search is idle without me; ’tis but feverish anxiety; and only when that fades away, you find me—Independence.”

THE GRAVE.

Over the hills, a woman comes, with patches of blue in a gown of red wool; with a faded shawl tied over her head, and a sprig of holly in her rough, knotted hand. Down the steep path to the narrow way that leads to a plot of burying-ground,

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guarded by tragic philosophers—the never-smiling pines. Up the three steps with her heavy, coarse boots, and a weight in her breast that is heavier still; down the three steps on the other side, and a quick walk toward an unmarked grave. A look of wild fear cast back on the way shows the face, which gives it a hunted soul's; but the look in a moment has vanished again, and triumph has taken its place. "It is all that I have, but it is the all that is living to me, which I give to you, on this day of Love that can never die, in spite of Crucifixions." She lays the sprig of holly down on the green mound, and murmurs again, with a laugh and a sob, "As though words of bondage could stifle the truth—that we are united forever." What is it that gradually spreads over her frame? Has the grave, in gratitude, cast a spell of mystical warmth and dignity, that she stands, like a queen, robed in ermine? "Poor souls! they do not understand. That I could ever hate them!"

Over the hills, a woman goes, with patches of blue in a gown of red wool; with a faded shawl tied over her head—but in her rough hands, invisible lilies of Peace.

CHARITY.

How much many often do that they care nothing for at all, just to be left in peace! how they snap and snarl to protect their gentleness! how they play parts to remain true! Hosts of uniformed soldiers are always battling with imps in their breasts; tragedies are sacredly guarded by men and women from morning till night; prisoners are rattling invisible chains with each harrowing stroke of the clock—and these never-resting efforts to escape or subdue form careers that are not rarely censured for being eccentric and aimless. Pessimism may be the weariness of struggling intellect; indifference, the exhaustion of care; indolence, the couch of broken energy; levity, the fever of wounded hope. Man agitates trouble to strengthen his weakness; he sometimes from loneliness, sins. Sages have turned themselves into fools, to gain experience; wisdom puts on the dunce-cap, at times, from dread of isolation. The prayers of not a few are their patience; their resigning themselves to live is their litany and psalms; the church box contributions are their smiles in the midst of rain in their hearts; their holy-communion is their forgiveness of wrongs natural to avenge. As far back as many a one can remember, he sees little

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serpents wiggling themselves forward upon the scenes of his life at most undesirable moments; they come hissing and thrusting forth their tongues, and turning bright expectancy into sickening chaos and dread; the powers he would use for a prepared action must be wielded to conceal or endure. The light of eternity shows some of them to have been warriors who, on dark earth, were called drifting slaves.

IMPRESSIONS.

Our impressions are greater than our thoughts, for they are given to us by the seer-powers of our hearts. Impressions are received only by the sensitive; truth appears to them in a mystical flash.

CREED.

Be honest, be gentle, and kind; be true to your ideals; obey the Ten Commandments, and press the Sermon on the Mount to your heart. Wrong neither beast nor man; woo the air, sky, water, tree; dream of flowers, birds, and hills; let music inhabit your brain. You then need have nothing to fear; all demons flee from a bright mind.

GENIUS.

There are mysteries none but the dead can explain; we know that they are, and that is enough.

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Some natures are lonely amidst kindred and friends; though fortune smiles on them, they feel cold and sad; and while they have voices, they rarely can speak, for few understand the tongue of their hearts. They seem to be sleeping, when widest awake; they are often called idle, while they invisibly toil; they hearken to summons which they alone hear. These are the strange children of mystical light, who do things from what others call genius, but from what they themselves may call pain; perhaps from self-sacrifice—another world knows.

POETS.

There are poets that neither write nor rhyme, yet their natures sing, and they soar. We are all poets who live from our hearts, for what comes from the heart is a song. We are in chains only when we can not sing; we die only when we can not sing. Thus the atmosphere of sordidness chills each true poet's soul, for it brings the clank of fetters that mean death to melody.

CYNICS.

What is a dream but a far-away note of a bird in the forest of longing? the bird of remembrance, that chants of its home, the child-land of mystical

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glory? We follow the strains which lead us across the mountains of pure aspiration, the peaks of which are Courage and Love, Art, Honor, and Hope, the highest. But they whose wings of enthusiastic fancy are clipped by the scissors of scorn, whose ears are deadened by the clatter of the world, while they can no longer hear, or fly toward, the bird, they are haunted almost all the time by the consciousness of loss. So they move through life with a grievance against it. These are the cynics, the embittered destroyers of pedestals for the worship of height. These are the corpses of murdered poets, and their stench, which makes society sick, is Retribution. Poets are killed every hour of the day, and pessimism is the revel of their spectres. As soon as the songs of a heart are crushed, a poet dies, and earth is darkened by another shadow.

PIETY.

Harm not a weed, except to save a flower; let every thought be "God, I thank Thee for Thy Love." Let every wish be for the welfare of all people—the good to be protected, the evil to turn good; wound not the feelings even of a cur.

POET'S RHAPSODY.

Just to hear the wild birds sing! just to hear the waters speak! just to hear the winds reply to the whisperings of the leaves! just to hear the tempest's laugh! just to see the cloud ships roll! just to clasp a true friend's hand, is enough for me—for me!

Just to see a child at play! just to hear a melody! just to quaff a cup of wine with congenial company! just to hear a martial sound! just to hear an anthem's peal! just to woo a gentle maid—is enough for me—for me!

COURAGE.

Tell no tales on your companions; press the blame upon yourself; dare to listen to your heart's call, though it leads across the seas. Memorize heroic actions; dream of generous chivalry; turn your dreams into realities for the helpless and the lame. Learn to love the voice of music in the forests, hills, and fields; with your arms about your loved ones, sing away ignoble fear.

RAIN-DROPS AT THE WINDOW.

How few there are that have truth to bestow!
and if they have, they hide it miserly, lest it may
shake their ease.

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Art is, at times, the song of longing and atonement—a duet between aspiration and regret.

We must seem credulous to learn—conceal our knowledge, to increase its store.

All, all is nothing—nothing; all, all will pass away; all but sincerity, the heart of the ideal.

Meditation is the bath of the brain; but too much bathing weakens.

Nothing escapes from bitterness to nourish its dark fire.

Dreams keep warm, if only for a moment; the world is always freezing from the lack of sunshine sympathy; therefore so many of us dream.

How like a dirge the tempest sounds to him whose hopes are dead forever! but to the one whose moods are dancing, it whirls in glorious ecstasy.

None look so cold and dignified as they that fear detection.

Angels come to us and leave us; but devils stay forever.

Exhaustion is a favorite repast of the fiends; discouragement makes it all the spicier for them.

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The wind that presses against your cheek may carry the last sigh of a broken heart, which you, having suffered once in the same way, might have mended, had you only known.

Gentle sadness is the light of thought; bitterness is the disappointment of the flesh.

Those whom we like bring us peace; but those whom we love and those whom we hate give us trouble.

Whoever has sinned and suffered, has drunk of the heart-wine of life.

There is music in the rain-drops, and regret.

What we condemn as idleness too often is despair, which needs, instead of our abuse, our sympathy and cheer.

Christ is the sympathy of eternal justice; to be truly just, we must quiver with the tragedy of him we necessarily condemn.

Go, seek nature, she is tuner of the soul.

Suffering flesh becomes cruel; suffering soul, kind.

How many, while under a little roof together, are worlds apart from one another! Should any of them attempt to speak their native language, they would not be understood by the others at all.

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We must not force, but woo, our lost selves back to us; we win them best with melodies, and dream-waves of repose.

Interest in trifles has been fostered as a cure for morbid intensity; idle curiosity has been cultivated as a refuge from the sick devils of boredom.

How many, while in pauper's rags, are Cæsars in a world of dreams!

Let us reverently bow to one another—to haunts, though sometimes ruins, of ethereal sovereignty.

What is insanity, the worst of ills? Hateful suspicion, jealousy and spite; dark broodings upon self, and morbid joy in seeing great hopes fall.

Conceit sees even nature nothing compared to self, and all the world an audience watching its every act.

Lack of appreciation is the banner of fools.

Those who have suffered are rarely conceited; our sanity blesses our sorrow.

Longing is the soul at prayer.

The man that commits a generous act and regrets it a moment afterward, is meaner than he that never commits a generous act at all.

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Thoughts that emanate from the mind only are always a little artificial; they must have their roots in the heart, to be strong.

Self-conceit stifles the currents of yearning—the currents that waft us aloft.

Before the laugh of little children, the thoughts of sages stalk like ghosts.

Keep out of domestic broils; for they are more wearing than sickness.

True philosophy must not agitate, but soothe; the world is already burning up with fever.

Cold and uncanny is the word faultless; death alone is without error—death, perfectly still.

Wine and the dancing girl's song have been sought to save burning brains from the fiends of depression; the cynical jest may be a spiked wall to protect tragic humor from invasion.

Even though we write verses from morning till night, we still are not poets if they are not true; and nothing is true that comes not from the heart, for truth is the daughter of feeling.

There are those whose lightest presence warms our natures; there are those whose far-off foot-steps chill our bones.

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Poetry must come from within, not from without; it is not born of circumstance.

We first seek adventures, we later seek refuge; we cultivate unrest, then struggle for peace.

The poet is sympathy incarnate; his soul must be often in tears.

Let us remember that it is wicked to be unhappy, except from sympathy or remorse.

Wherever there is hope, there is a little unrest; there is the wallowing peace of despair.

The coachman freezes at his mistress' door, because, though ready, she must appear to be slow.

The hours of our careers which were greatest in anguish or in joy, were not noisy at all, but quiet.

The rake is rarely the villain.

The loungee is sometimes the thinker.

Our real selves are our longings.

What is sometimes called energy is fever.

When we are at all self-conscious, we are a little artificial; and then our minds are fettered—only then.

The ideal flees from question.

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Vines and genius must be trained, but in soft, sympathetic manner.

Some talk and talk and try to please, and still their presence bores us; while others need not say a word, and yet be entertaining.

There is no mockery in truth; it warns, it threatens, wounds, and saves, but breathes forth spite to none.

No evil can woo gentleness, for that is heaven's mission; good spirits deck its shining form with mystical protection.

More failures have been caused by worry than by carelessness; for worry weakens strength.

We must preserve our thoughts from bitterness; and they would stagnate in the pond of resignation, were it not filled with the clear waters of philosophy.

Young men in love are troubled by strange fears—fears that have no foundation; as soon as one is overthrown, another worry follows.

The mad dislike the mad.

Some lives are always rough, with very few moments of calmness; but they at last grow used to stormy weather and fall asleep, listening to the waves of trouble.

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Foolish wives are worse than foolish virgins;
their mischief reaches farther.

Our noblest thoughts are often those which float
upon the dream-waves of repose.

PEACE.

SCENE.—*A hard and rocky road.*

An Old Man. (Falling upon his knees, surrounded by ghosts of trouble) Is there no one to pity me, and soothe my bitter misery?

Ghosts of Trouble (Mockingly) Ha, ha! none, none! none, none!

Echo. None, none!

Voices of the Air. The air does not say that; its words are all kind.

Ghosts of Trouble. Away! away! for sympathy is here!

(*The Ghosts all vanish. In the midst of a brilliant light, a radiant figure appears.*)

The Radiant Figure. Pity is ever near for care; it does not always come because prayers oft are insincere. Name but your wish; it will be granted you.

The Old Man. (Imploringly) Peace, peace! O, give me peace!

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The Radiant Figure. Even as you speak, your prayer is answered; behold, peace comes to you.

(The figure sits musingly upon a stone; the brilliant light fades into gray. Enter a gray-robed form, with face of stern serenity, holding white flowers in one hand, a little bell in the other.)

The Old Man. (Shivering) Ah me, I never felt so cold!

The Gray-robed Form. Yes; peace is cold. Unrest is always warm—unrest and trouble that have fled from you. Accept the chilly gifts of peace; their beauty does not agitate.

(Pressing the white flowers against the old man's breast.)

The Old Man. (In alarm) I never felt so weak—not even in my fears!

The Gray-robed Form. You need no strength to wear the gifts of peace, or to receive its sovereignty.

(Raising the old man's hand to its lips.)

The Old Man. (Wildly) I fall, and yet I seem to rise! What spell is this? Protect me from this form!

The Gray-robed Form. Peace does feel strange to them that have known care; but it will soon be sweet, when you forget the past.

(Ringing the little bell.)

Voice of the Bell. Rest—rest! rest—rest for care!

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The Old Man. (Sinking to the ground) Why do you mock me thus? You give me death instead of peace.

(*Looking reproachfully at the radiant figure on the stone.*)

The Radiant Figure. (Arising from the stone) Is there no gratitude in man? You asked for peace, and peace is death.

Voice of the Bell. Peace is death! peace is death! peace is death!

(*The gray light turns into darkness; all disappear from the road but the body of the old man.*)

THE YOUNG IMMORTAL.

A Youth. (Picking up a bunch of violets that lie scattered about on the road, and laying them down gently among their blooming kind) If a breath of life is yet in you, among your sympathizing sisters, die, and give them, O give them, a message of farewell. But if already dead, under their sheltering leaves lie buried, "for all things with their own" my heart's voice always says.

An Old Man. (Overhearing the words of the youth) He is a dreamer. Earth is far from him.

A Group of Pitying Women. (Who see, but do not hear) Alas, alas! he soon must be confined!

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The Living Violets. (Quivering with rhapsodic agitation) The soul of the universe kissed us, and sang us a story of love!

THE TWO ARTISTS.

SCENE.—*The Market Place of Art.*

Enter the SUCCESSFUL ARTIST.

Successful Artist. I've donned this shabby coat to see if the old World would buy my work for its own worth alone. A strange caprice, indeed, but I am rather weary of selling all I paint on the strength of my name. Could I but feel it is my brush and not my clothes that brings me gold, my greatness would be sure.

Enter the UNSUCCESSFUL ARTIST.

Unsuccessful Artist. Had I a finer coat, I might attract the World; but this is all I have, which hides my shirtless breast. But here's another in a shabby coat; I've as much chance as he.

Enter the WORLD.

The World. Your pictures are not very bad—but this man's colors are the richest.

(Taking hold of the Unsuccessful Artist's picture.)

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The Successful Artist. (Aside) I wish I had not worn the shabby coat; caprices do not pay.

The Unsuccessful Artist. (Aside) At last I feel a little hope, even in my shabby coat.

Enter the WIND, mischievously.

The Wind. Now just for a little fun! see the old World change its mind quicker than a bird can fly, or a hope descend!

(Unloosening the coats.)

The World. (Letting go of the Unsuccessful Artist's picture) Why, the colors in that man's hand are the richest! How dare you trouble me with your daubs! you, with your naked breast!

(Stalking away aggrieved with the Successful Artist's picture.)

The Successful Artist. (Throwing aside his coat) I'm glad I wore my fine shirt underneath; this might have been a very foolish trick; the wind brought back my senses.

The Unsuccessful Artist. It was his shirt—it was his shirt that won the World; but it chose my work first.

The Wind. How I have changed their faces by my trick!

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TO THE MEMORY OF OCTAVIA HENSEL.

ALBRECHT.

Characters.

CONRAD, Duke of Rhineland.

ALBRECHT, his son.

HEINRICH, his aged cousin.

THE MYSTERIOUS ONE.

SCENE.—*The rocky precincts of a castle along the Rhine.*

Enter HEINRICH, meditatively.

Heinrich. How will it end, this strange, unnatural separation of a parent from his child? Now eighteen gloomy years have passed away since the mad hour when it first began to reign, and still it does not lessen or decay. If I could only shake off the depression which sympathy and memories bring to me, and be indifferent as the swinish servants, who do not feel this air of tragedy! But no one, I suppose, can change his nature—the sheep is a sheep, the pig is always piggish—and I am an old fool who sweats and shivers, simply because my friends are hot or cold. For I love both of them, hater and hated; the one, still bleeding with the wounds of pride, of trust, and deep

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affection; the other, starving for heart food to keep his youth alive. Yes, yes, I love the Duke, in spite of his injustice to his son, who dreams the livelong day. Why should the boy be cursed for the guilt of his mother? The scene of horror shakes my blood and bones again. The faithlessness of wife and supposed friend discovered—the duel on the spot, and the foul betrayer punished; while she who is the cause of all the shuddering trouble, flees down the rocky path in wildest shame and terror, and stumbling at a crooked turn, gives her soul to the river. I do not think the Duke has ever spoken, since that unhappy time, six words in all to his poor son, who suffers for his mother; he can not bear to have him in his sight. How will it end—how will it end, for both so terribly estranged? I'd gladly sacrifice my life, if that could join their parted hearts. And here he comes, his head bent low—so young, so woeful, and alone! I'll move away, lest he suppose that my sharp eyes are watching him; for he has nothing but this joy—to sit upon these rocks and muse.

(Walking slowly away.)

Enter ALBRECHT.

Albrecht. Weird revery—spirits of the tender evening light, I welcome you! You do not speak the sorrows of the day, but filled with radiant mus-

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ings, you soothe away its pain. The restful agitation of the knowing winds tells of a living hope somewhere—somewhere—that all we pine for in our troubled hearts will one hour meet their due. (*Seating himself on a rock.*) To me the sun is far more generous as its last smile salutes approaching night, than when in the full glory of its sway—mocking sad loneliness. No solitude is colder than when the sun is brightest; there seems to be no pity then in nature for our mood. But now—but now our longings are not frozen; the air, the sky, and water all conjure off despair. What spell is there in evening's meditation? the sullen shades of morning disappear—the stinging recollections of the meeting with my father accidentally near the gate. Somehow, I do not feel the chilly distance of his regard, and nearness of his frown; in vision I can almost see him smiling, instead of looking bitterly at me.

(*All the while that he is musing, a strange rattling noise can be heard, ascending the rocky path of the hill.*)

Re-enter HEINRICH, *unperceived by* ALBRECHT.

Heinrich. Yes, there he sits, looking both wise and foolish; dreaming of what? The saints can only know! What rattling noise is that, like bones knocking together? The air smells mouldy—it is

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turning cold. Cold—cold—and damp; he does not seem to feel it, but smiles and stares at a world of his own. I'd think he was possessed of mad or evil spirits, could I forget his many acts of tenderness and sense. I saw him snatch a little bird away from a cat's cruelty, and pressing it against his breast, let it die there in peace. I saw him save that very cat, which had aroused his generous wrath, from dogs that were pursuing it with terror and with death. I heard him reprimand old Karl for speaking harshly to a hound, and lecture better than the priest on sharp and quarrelsome tongues. He is no fool, that's sure, and there's no evil in him, but from those looks, one could believe he's simple and uncanny. That noise—that noise! It's coming up the hill; up—up—the path which *she* went down to wash her guilty nature. Why do I think of her so much just now? Why do I think of that calamity? I almost see her in the yellow gown she wore that awful day. What makes the light so greenish? Whence do these vapors flow? Reminding one of incense wafted about the dead. Those sounds—those sounds of rattling bones—O, Mother of Heaven, protect my soul!

(Enter from up the rocky path, the skeleton form of a woman, struggling to hold together, with fleshless

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hand, her garments falling to pieces from decay. HEINRICH stares, fascinated with wonder and horror, at the mysterious figure, as it slowly moves toward ALBRECHT.)

Albrecht. That I could ever have thought harshly of him, even for a moment, seems now very strange; that I could ever have denied him entrance into my heart, I can not understand—O powers of evening, you both cool and warm with height that feels but pity for us all! Pity for him, whose living is all gloom; pity for her, whose quiet is the tomb—my father, with no love to give his child; my mother, with no life to nourish it. Pity for them that mourn from day to day; pity for them that laugh, for joy must pass away; pity for things both sad and gay, since all are frail and changeable. Pity for them that toil without hope of reward; pity for them that rule, feared, fearing, and unloved; pity for servant, pity for lord; for the breast of each is filled with care.

(The figure moves slowly toward him.)

Heinrich. It moves toward him—he does not even see it. Those looks! Those looks! his face is shriveling up with age!

Albrecht. Pity for falsehood, struggling to stand; pity for truth, which stands alone; pity for aims, that can never be reached; pity for triumphs, with

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its wreath of defeat. Pity for the weed, uprooted and scorned; pity for the flower, never left in peace; pity for the brute, that can not tell its woe; pity for man whose tongue leads him to woe. Pity for passion, that ends in a fall; pity for hate with its worms of remorse; pity for thought, that can never find rest—pity for pity, that sees only tears.

(The figure stands immediately at his side.)

Heinrich. It stretches forth its arms toward him! The air is cold as death! O God, protect him!

Albrecht. The air is moist with weeping sympathy; the winds heave with the sighs of breaking hearts; the shadowy forms extend toward me their stores of sorrowful, hidden things. *(The figure touches him.)* What misery are you? Whence do you come? And wherefore are you here? Whatever you may be, you have my pity, together with the evening's, for everything that is.

The Mysterious One. So cold—so cold—so cold.

Heinrich. It speaks—it speaks to him! his soul is lost forever.

Albrecht. The little that I have can help you, then; come underneath my cloak. *(The figure sits down beside him; he shares his cloak with it.)* I've often picked up frozen birds, and warmed them back to life again, by pressing them against my breast; so you'll be warm soon, too.

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(He draws the figure closely to his side.)

Heinrich. And so this is the end of his mysterious dreamings—he is in league with spirits and with hideous sorcery! My sympathy has been wasted upon an imp of Satan, the true child of the woman that darkened the Duke's life. The shadows of her influence haunted this spot all day; old deviltry can trouble earth even beyond the grave. 'Tis she—'tis she—who is doing this—using her son for crime—luring him to unholy love for creatures dead and damned! There's nothing else that I can do, but add to the Duke's woe—admit his hate is justified—perdition is in the boy!

(Exit hurriedly.)

Albrecht. “So cold—so cold—so cold!”—this is the cry of everything that lives; of saint and sinner, fool and sage; of prince and subject, master, slave; of soldier, drinking for the battle; of monk, at prayer in ghostly chapel; of beggar, shivering in his tatters, of lady frozen by her gems. “So cold—so cold—so cold—” this is the moan of unrewarded effort; of song lost in the clatter of the world; of hope subdued by narrow reasoning. This is the sob of nature's priestly spirits, whose words of guidance none will ever understand, until it is too late—too late—to hear. This is the wail of purity, on earth scorned and

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forsaken; "so cold—so cold—so cold! O God, so cold—so cold!"

The Mysterious One. But warmer—warmer now.

Albrecht. Yes, warmer—warmer now; is it not always so?—whenever I would lay the chilled against my breast, not they alone, but I myself, and all the neighboring atmosphere, soon felt a soothing warmth; as now—as now—as now! The cloak must be too heavy—I almost burn; the air is bright again—the winds have changed their melancholy tone; the waves below are whispering like children in delight. The birds, too, have returned; how strangely I have dreamed! that evening's ever sad! that nature's ever sad! that everything is sad! when everything is glad! when everything is glad, and beautiful—as you—as you—as you!

(He gazes radiantly into the face of the figure at his side, which has sunk confidently into his arms—the figure of a girl, rich in the glowing beauty of gentleness and life.)

Re-enter HEINRICH, with the DUKE.

Duke. Nay, do not hinder me; I am determined to put an end to this accursed evil! Abomination's tree is dead, but while its shoot still lives, it has not perished. You seem surprised that he has

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done this deed; I am not so, for is he not her child? and thus prepared for vice and horrid mischief?

Heinrich. His crime is awful, but think of his youth! (aside) I did not know that I could love him still, in spite of his depravity!

Duke. Which makes it all the blacker. Youth ought to be the cradle of bright and glorious dreams, not the dark nest of serpents. The faults of youth should be those we can love, not those we see with horror; the fault of wandering from gentle home to bloody war and death, for pride of country; the fault of striking at the insulter's heart—of dying in defense of honest name; the fault of warm enthusiasm, that leads to error and to natural sin—yes, better riot and wild revelry than sneaking dreams of damned perversity!

Heinrich. But solitude can blight the purest youth, and plant unholy thinking.

Duke. Speak not of solitude's depressing healthy youth! it spreads the wings of noble aspirations—provokes an itch for acts of lofty daring—spurs on impatience, that through haste may stumble into pardonable folly—but never lures to intercourse with hell! There's no excuse for him, but that he is a wanton's child, and born for vicious cunning!

Heinrich. At least, then, do not kill, but banish him!

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Duke. Banish an egg of Satan? Have no regard for other lands and other people? Though it were cast among the weeds, why, it would hatch and ruin a weed's flower! Since I'm unconsciously to blame for having bred and nourished a young monster—all I can do, is, to destroy it—atone for my unhappy error!

(Advancing toward ALBRECHT.)

Heinrich. That I have lived to see this day! O God have mercy on us all! Vile as he is, I must protect him from rage of honor and of justice!

(Following the DUKE.)

Duke. The light you cast to blind me is in vain—no spell of witchcraft can conceal you from my sight. I hold the shield of truth before my eyes—stronger than all the flame-glare of the fiends! You are the fitting offspring of dishonor, shameless polluters of a noble name! still, even she that bore you is outshadowed in wickedness by your unholy deed! Lewd dallier with spirits of perdition, your arts are weak if they can not foresee that the remorseful cause of your foul being will crush you and your infamy to death. Down the same path that hurled your wretched mother into the shades of judgment, meet your doom!

Heinrich. (Grasping the Duke's arms) If I must raise my arms against you, it is to save your sorrow from despair.

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Duke. My sorrow ends in justice; touch not its precious rage.

(He is about to seize ALBRECHT, to hurl him down the path, when he is suddenly transfixed by the sight before him—beautiful purity in the arms of happiness.)

Albrecht. (Rapturously) See what I have, my father! see what the evening gave to me!

Duke. (After a long silence, to Heinrich) You have believed the boy; if he communes with spirits, they are not of hell, but heaven.

Heinrich. I did—I did, my lord! my eyes are old, and often they deceive me!

Duke. (Aside) Just so I looked when I was young and happy, when I believed that life was good and true; before I felt the stings of disappointment in human hearts, and saw my ideals fall! When all the world was gloriously illumined by light of faith in friendship and in love; when heaven seemed to be earth, earth to be heaven, God and His Angels shining everywhere. I see my youth again in simple sweetness; I wake as from a nightmare of the dead. Once more the two that blessed and stirred my living are with me in the way they used to be. No longer is my vision's sight tormented by agonizing mockery and change. My hand grasps *his* in strong trust and affection; I clasp *her* closely to my rapturous breast, and I can

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ask of fortune nothing, nothing, for it has given all it has to give! What hideous imp of malice turned bright morning into night? A night of storms and chaos, of ghosts and tragedies? What mood of grim perversity transformed my blooming fate into a nest of scorpion thoughts and hatred for mankind? A dream! a dream! surely a dream! that I have warred with flesh and soul against my love! against my friend! and even against my child! (Aloud) And you are happy? happy?

Albrecht. I have forgotten, father, that I was not always so.

Duke. There is no night to you without its moon and stars flashing forth light in shapes of flowers! there is no day to you that does not glisten with soft, mysterious colors, reflecting divine gems! Each cloud is a ship filled with seraphic blessings, and when they are dark it is to keep weak eyes of erring hearts below from being dazzled by their brilliancy! Is it not so? not so?

Albrecht. Yes—yes! Light everywhere! Hope everywhere! Joy everywhere! With promise of more—of ceaseless more!

Duke. You see no weed that is not in some manner blooming; no creeping thing of earth without its dignity! each insect is no other than the air's wild winged fancy, and it only means to frolic when it stings!

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Albrecht. Yes, yes! Yes, yes! Yes, yes! There's nothing mean or ugly anywhere!

Duke. The leaves are whispering! Waters speak! The winds tell of their escapades! Storms are not angry, only mad with glee at boundless liberty!

Albrecht. Yes—yes! Speech! Speech! All nature speaks! There is no silence anywhere!

Duke. Invisible hands stretch forth to you strength and assistance to climb over peaks! to glide through deep waters, and pierce through dark woods, and to raise up your sword against giants!

Albrecht. Yes, yes! Yes, yes! There's nothing to fear! There's nothing—no, nothing to fear!

Heinrich. (Aside) I'm very glad—I am very glad—that passion has not won its end; but surely, I have not been mad, and seen, instead of angel, fiend! I thought too kindly of the boy to have a vision of him damned; we dream of what we wish to come, so had I dreamed, I'd have seen this. Whatever she is, her powers are gentle, since she has softened the Duke's wrath; I have no fear to ask her questions, feeling she will not take them amiss. (*To the Mysterious One.*) I have never been so happy and so grateful as I am at this moment, glorious maid! To see my friends, father and son, conversing in amicable tones, brings life to me! No matter whence you come, your mis-

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sion's holy, since you have transformed sorrow into joy; but I can not refrain from being doubtful of my old eyes, that never lied before. I can not—no, I can not understand it—that I should have beheld, instead of you—dispenser of the benefits of heaven—a moment since just where you sit—a fiend!

The Mysterious One. Your eyes are honest as your heart, old man, which knows not how to lie. All that they saw, was true. All that they see, is true.

Heinrich. You are his saving spirit, then? You come to rescue him, while I was hastening to the Duke, in terror and in grief?

The Mysterious One. Question nothing but misery, for question destroys. I am here. All is well—at last—well.

Heinrich. (Aside) All is well, at last—well! My hopes have come true—my troubles are over, and I'm still a fool! Instead of embracing the bliss of my soul, I waste time in questioning how it arrived! (To the DUKE and his son, rapt in ecstatic conversation.) There is no star in all the universe so glorious as Love; I thank my guardian angel that she gave me the privilege to see it shine amidst these castle walls once more before I die. And may it never cease to shine, will be my prayer each day.

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Duke. It will not cease to shine. I tell you, Heinrich, there is a new-born life in me, I never hoped to feel! O God of tender mercy, forgive my sin, I pray, of doubting in your goodness to send me light again!

The Mysterious One. Love is light—love is light—love is light.

Albrecht. Love is height—love is height—love is height! Where pasts are forgotten, for they are too small to be seen through joy's sky; where spirits of peace and forgiveness are fluttering, and nothing but music of hope can be heard.

Duke. Forgiveness! forgiveness! Heinrich, yes, forgiveness! The boy speaks my feelings—I have no more wrongs! I see nothing else now but a world of bright vision, with beauty and sweetness—dark memories have gone!

The Mysterious One. Forgiveness—forgiveness from your soul's depths—forgiveness?

Albrecht. Forgiveness—forgiveness—on Heaven's breast—forgiveness!

Duke. Look—look—Heinrich—That radiance of his face reflects my own heart's happiness. Come, let us hasten toward the castle, where we will give him welcome with his bride. (*Grasping HEINRICH'S arm, and hastening with him toward the castle.*) But see—but see—she seems to be ascending! No

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—no—she must not leave him—she is his soul—his soul—'Tis well—he rises with her, their hands are clasped together—Perhaps your eyes are stronger? I can not see them now, my sight is somewhat blighted by the glory of their joy—are they coming—Heinrich—tell me are they coming?

Heinrich. They are covered by a cloud—a heavy crimson cloud—it rolls away from them—I see the stone again—but he sits there alone!

Duke. No, not alone—no, not alone! she must come back to him—she must come back to us—she has brought us light—she must not ever leave us! (*Springing to ALBRECHT'S side, and seizing his hands.*) She will return again, to never, never leave us! Heinrich! Heinrich! quick—quick! It all has been a dream! Dead! dead! my son! my son!

TRISTRAM.

Characters.

TRISTRAM, A solitary mortal.
SPIRITS OF THE WOOD.
DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH.
AN OWL.

Voices.

VOICE OF THE SEA.
VOICE OF THE RAIN-WITCH.
VOICES OF THE WINDS.

SCENE 1.—*Evening in the Woods.*

Enter six SPIRITS OF THE WOOD.

Spirits of the Wood. Hallo! Hallo! the Rain-witch is calling! the dream-light is fading, and shadows are near! Eu-yu-eu! eu-yu-eu! the revels are coming between the night-clouds and the ghosts of the day!

Voice of the Rain-witch. Ou-oo! ou-oo! away from my party, you graces of pity for what is no more!

Spirits of the Wood. We sigh for the day with its blessings unfinished; the weirdness of night has its charms that betray.

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An Owl. But see, what thought-distracted face casts flickering shapes of hope and wild despair? it makes me blink—blink—blink.

Voices of the Winds. A soul—a soul—a self-tormented soul! It can not understand us, so we can not give it aid.

Spirits of the Wood. Then neither can we—can we—can we! The tongues of the winds and the wood are the same, they tell of mysterious rest.

Voice of the Rain-witch. What the sun can not do, the rain may accomplish; rain and the night sympathize with dark moods.

Spirits of the Wood. Aye—aye—aye—they lead to destruction.

Owl. We will see—we will see—we will see!

Enter TRISTRAM.

Tristram. Will you not speak to me? The stars are hidden—the stars that always mock me when I call for sympathy. Will you not speak to me, you gray-green figures? Your lips show interest, but no reply.

Spirits of the Wood. He can not even hear our quiverings of pity! Rain-witch, make good your boasting! Help this unhappy soul!

Voice of the Rain-witch. As soon as my goblins begin their mad gallop, you will see what the Rain-witch can do.

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Owl. I see a light of hope—of hope—of hope—of hope! So good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

Voices of the Winds. The hope that an owl sees is dark.

Spirits of the Wood. Still, light enough to dazzle his eyes; plague of peace, we are glad you are gone.

Enter the DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH with troops of wild goblins and elves.

The Daughter of the Rain-witch. Just to hear him speak once more, though he utters only pain; then I end his woe forever, and my dreams of happiness! Ah, my dream that somewhere, somewhere in the wide expanse of longing, we could mingle sighs together, and find peace in sympathy! But he does not understand me, and my love is unrequited; I must take him to his heart's mate—to the sea—the sea—the sea!

Voices of the Winds. How we pity her complaining! Still, her sorrow is his refuge, for her streams of hopeless yearning undulate with her sad arts.

Spirits of the Wood. See, she takes her last farewell of the soul she'll save and lose.

Voice of the Rain-witch. My daughter, and goblins, and powers are here; wait and see who can satisfy need.

Daughter of the Rain-witch. All pity me but her; all know my heart but her; all understand my

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sacrifice but her, my Rain-witch mother! And now he speaks again!

Tristram. How long have I been waiting to hear a word I know! How long have I been searching for a language like my own!

Daughter of the Rain-witch. With all my love's fidelity, my tongue's too weak for him; no voice is wild and deep enough to match his but the sea's!

Tristram. O, for once to understand! O, to be once understood! This has been my cry forever, still that cry hears no response.

Daughter of the Rain-witch. It has been heard and answered by the depths of my despair!

Tristram. The moon mocks me almost as much as the stars; I hope she will never return. The clouds of the day and the night pass me by, without even a glance at my woe.

Spirits of the Wood. All give you their pity; they can give you no more.

Voices of the Winds. All but one—all but one—who gives more. Speak not of your pity; it is a mere shade compared to the greatness of wounded love's aid.

Tristram. And you do not reply to me—nor you—nor you—nor you; though in the midst of crowds, I am alone—alone!

Daughter of the Rain-witch. No, not alone—no, not alone! In pain there is no one alone.

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Voices of the Winds. Disappointment, disappointment! all that hope know disappointment!

Voice of the Rain-witch. Say, why do you loiter, my daughter? The bells in the raindrops are ready to ring.

Daughter of the Rain-witch. Yea, they ring—ring the birth of his rest—and they ring—ring the knell of my dreams. I come, mother! Yes, I am coming, with triumphant chorus and dirge.

Exit DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH, *with her company of goblins and elves.*

(The evening turns into night. The spirits of the wood increase in number. Dark shapes glide to and fro. The owl comes shrieking back.)

Owl. I thought I heard despair and so I returned, but I see hope still is here, and so, good-bye, again.

Exit OWL.

Voices of the Winds. A spark of hope always glimmers near self-sacrificing love.

Spirits of the Wood. Hope in death—hope in death! death—death—death!

Voices of the Winds. Death is hope—death is hope—death is hope.

Tristram. Could I but hear what they are saying! Their voices seem so far away; even while I know that they are near me, they sound as if from other spheres. And one is gone whose looks were

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tender, as though they had a word for me; illusion! O, a mad illusion! They were not even meant for me.

Voices of the Winds. The same old story over and over, that we have often seen and heard; the words that love is pining for come after it is gone.

Spirits of the Wood. Return, despairing Rain-witch daughter, receive the balm for your sad plight; the bitterness of disappointment will be transformed into sweet hope.

Voices of the Winds. Your cries are vain; she can not hear you, the winds foresee the ways of fate—the force of love's unselfish sorrow must rescue this unhappy soul.

Spirits of the Wood. Too late, indeed, her work's beginning; the rain-drop bells begin to ring; and when they ring, we know our voices are lost in their rhapsodic dirge.

Voices of the Winds. He speaks again; his pain increases now to its height, then swells no more.

Spirits of the Wood. The winds at times seem to be callous, because they see the end of woe.

Tristram. I fled from mortals, for they deceived me; their eyes were filled with mockery; they seemed to say they understood me, yet when I spoke, they turned away. I hastened then to hills and forests, but while their looks were always kind,

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they never would return my greeting or speak the language of my sighs. I stretched my arms in vain toward them; I fell exhausted from my cries. My longing's breath has all been wasted upon the unsympathizing air.

Spirits of the Wood. O cruel fate! He does not know that sympathy is watching him!

Voices of the Winds. For if he did, his pain would lessen, and he would never reach his goal.

Tristram. How many forms, of strange appearance, arise before and flee from me, yet none of them I can remember, but one that has just disappeared; and that one now returns.

(Re-enter the DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH with her elves ringing the rain-drop bells, and her goblins galloping behind.)

Spirits of the Wood. For once you were mistaken, Winds; our cries were not in vain.

Voices of the Winds. She makes her sacrifice complete; she builds her own dream's tomb.

(The DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH passes on without looking at Tristram.)

Tristram. O, no—she does not even see me! Again deceived—deceived—deceived!

(The DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH hears Tristram's cry, and stands still.)

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Spirits of the Wood. Hear—hear! He calls you, Rain-witch daughter! He yearns for your deep sympathy.

Daughter of Rain-witch. (To her goblins and elves) Cease—cease your din; I may not need you. (The elves cease ringing the rain-drop bells; the goblins stop galloping behind, and all of her weird attendants sit wonderingly upon the ground. She eagerly looks at Tristram, and the new-born hope in her breast illumines her form with a rainbow.) You understand me? yes—you understand me? My voice is not too weak for you?

Tristram. (Turning away his eyes) Her very form has changed its aspect! She mocks me as the others do! Her voice seems farther away than ever! There is no hope at all for me!

Daughter of the Rain-witch. (The rainbow vanishes from her) It is not my love that he knows! It is my despair that he calls, to show him the way to the breast that will soothe him forever from woe and from me!

Voice of the Rain-witch. O, what is the matter, my daughter? The bells and the gallop have ceased.

Daughter of the Rain-witch. A crack in the bell and a stumble; but all has been mended again. (To the goblins and elves.) Why do you sit and

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stare, like frogs suspecting evil? Up to your work of rescue, with gallop and with bell! (*She looks despairingly at TRISTRAM; the elves ring the rain-drop bells again and the goblins gallop about her.*) Unrest! Unrest! Rain-drops of unrest! Unrest! Unrest! Unrest! (*She moves slowly backwards, in the midst of a tumultuous gallop and ringing of bells; then gradually turns about, until completely hidden from TRISTRAM'S view by a heavy veil of rain.*) Unrest! Unrest! Rain-drops of unrest! Unrest! Unrest! Unrest!

Spirits of the Wood. Hope and despair have made her stronger; we never heard such tones before.

Voices of the Winds. She strikes the splash mood of the ocean, to lead him to his kindred soul.

Tristram. O, no—no—you have not deceived me! I follow you where'er you go! I thought at once your face was kindly; I realize my hopes are true. Mock all you will—moon, stars, hill, forest! My triumph hour at last is here. My woes are all forgotten in these welcome words I hear. Come—come!

(*Exit, following the voice of the DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH.*)

Spirits of the Wood. Where will she lead him, winds? Where will she lead him? Go, follow them, and tell us where she leads him.

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Voices of the Winds. We know already where she'll lead him; but we'll return, and tell you their whole story.

Voice of the Rain-witch. Did I not say my powers were stronger than those of day and sunny weather?

Spirits of the Wood. We remember the words of the owl. We will see—we will see—we will see!

SCENE 2.—*A Shore of the Sea.*

Enter DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH, with her troops of goblins and elves.

Daughter of the Rain-witch. Here is where his sorrow ends, and here's my sweet dream's grave. (*To the goblins and elves.*) I do not need you any longer; you are at liberty—begone! (*The goblins and elves flee from her.*) I yearned for life, and death received my homage—death, clad in the gray garb of duty. I longed for a flame of human fire, but icy truth froze my desires. O, the cold solitude of spirit—freedom! The loneliness of mortals is at least warm.

Tristram. (In the distance) At last I have found you! Yes, at last I have found you! How we will speak, and open our hearts together!

Daughter of the Rain-witch. He must not see me, no—he must not see me! His gratitude would

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sting my wounds, yet not to hear it would sting even more. (*To the sea.*) I bring you, sea, one that belongs to you—the very notes that led him here were borrowed from your mood. He has been groping through dark misery to find you; yours is the only voice that he can understand. Give him the rest for which his soul is burning, give him the words of hope he pants to hear!

Voice of the Sea. The rest of ocean lies in unrest. It is most passionate when calm. Its words of hope are “Roll forever! There is no end to restlessness.”

Daughter of the Rain-witch. Roll—roll with him to rest and hope forever, away from shadowy memories and wrecked dreams.

(*Exit* DAUGHTER OF THE RAIN-WITCH.)

Enter TRISTRAM, *eagerly.*

Tristram. I love you! I love you! I love you! We will never part, will we, my friend, my brother? How gloriously we have come together, after my agonizing search for you! (*Leaping on the bosom of the sea.*) O, the bliss in understanding! O, the bliss in being understood!

Voice of the Sea. O, the bliss in rolling, rolling the songs of unrest—Hope and Peace!

Voices of the Winds. Yes, rolling hope and rolling peace for him; self-sacrifice must suffer and be still.

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(Enter the OWL.)

You may return now to your woods; the hope that worried you has gone.

Owl. The winds are wise, but owls are even wiser. Do you not see those lights amidst the trees?

Voices of the Winds. Along the path that the sad Rain-witch daughter took after she completed her great task? True—true, on every bough that touched her as she passed, there is a little spark.

Owl. But they grow brighter all the time. I leave those woods forever. *(Exit.)*

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ELISE.

Along the shore of Mackinac Isle, where each dashing wave tells wild tales, there stood, in days of long ago, a poor hut, marked by fate and time. A woman was its occupant, marked, too, by fate and time: France gave her birth; America gave her nothing at all but woe. Morn and evening saw this woman—Suzanne Galvois—washing, washing; yet while washing, she was dreaming of both bright and troubled pasts. As she washed, strong visions arose within her, turning her wrinkles into miniature canyons, and drawing her lips even closer together than are the bosoms of hate and revenge. A sweet French village home and humble peace destroyed; love quickly changed to bitterness, with ghosts of vanished joy. Brother Jean, star of the family, seduced by the glitter of aristocracy, fleeing with a titled butterfly, far from warmth and sympathy. Father dying, cursing Jean; mother following, not long after, to the grave's rest, crying "Jean! Jean!" O, the lonely misery! Next, the letter telling of Jean, in a land of disappointment; telling of the little Elise, come to earth amidst sharp want. Suzanne then, in wild America, marching East to West, North to South, all pov-

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erty's stings for company, with three, until with but one. Here she rested with Jean's Elise. Elise had passed seventeen winters. Never should she wed aristocracy, cause of Jean's folly, Jean's woe! Pierre, of the fishing trade, knew well how to toil; honest, brave, a strong protector; he yearned for Elise with breast aflame; soon should the two young hearts be one!

Ah, but Elise all the time was dreaming of her mother's brilliant people; an idle tongue had fired her reveries; humbleness she could not love. No, she never could wed Pierre! his soul could not speak with her soul! Thus she mused, and fled from the washing—always the more beautiful.

It was one evening, gray with warning. Elise sought the lonely heights of the island. She was near to nature's triumph, Arch Rock, when there called a voice "Elise Galvois, leave these base weeds! come, live with your mother's people! come, and join the flowers of your kind, in the land which is your home!"

Before Elise, stood her mother's sister; long was she seeking Elise's Elise; vain were her searches until now, when she came to Mackinac. Elise stood trembling before the lady, pride of aristocracy; murmuring faintly, "Wait but till morn!" she fled, burning with hope and fear. As she threw herself

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on a log, a deep voice, too well known to her, sounded: "Elise Galvois, I have heard all; O ne'er can I be far from you! Elise! Elise! you must be mine; my heart lives but to pant for you; while life is ours, ne'er can we part; dead, it still must be the same!"

On her knees before Pierre, Elise fell, stretching her arms toward him: "Pierre! Pierre! if you truly love me, you can not wish me to die!"

But he drew her up toward him; spoke—each word a funeral knell: "While life is ours, ne'er can we part; dead, it still must be the same!" Then strength of caged aspiration came to Elise; she unloosened the grasp of her captor—darted swiftly to the center of Arch Rock's bridge, o'er the fearful chasm. "Ha-ha! Pierre! so this is your love! Better to die than to live with your kind!" A cry—it was ambition's death wail—to pierce the heavens, and a fall.

The moon smiled heartlessly on Arch Rock's chasm; cruel moon! she knows not pity! She saw two figures on the bridge gazing rigidly below. "Elise!" cried a man's voice wildly. "Elise!" cried a woman's, strangely. The moon smiled more heartlessly than ever, as the woman moved away. "Pierre," she said, "we can not be too grateful to death that saved her from the fate of Jean!"

Musings and Pastels

SEA-FOAM.

Condemn not the dead, condemn not the living;
have pity for all, both the good and the evil.
Oppress not the weed, the wasp, or the serpent;
judge not, lest your harshness rebound and fall on
you.

We are all boys and dreamers still, though we
are fathers and gray-beards; it is only when we
can not dream, that we are old and broken.

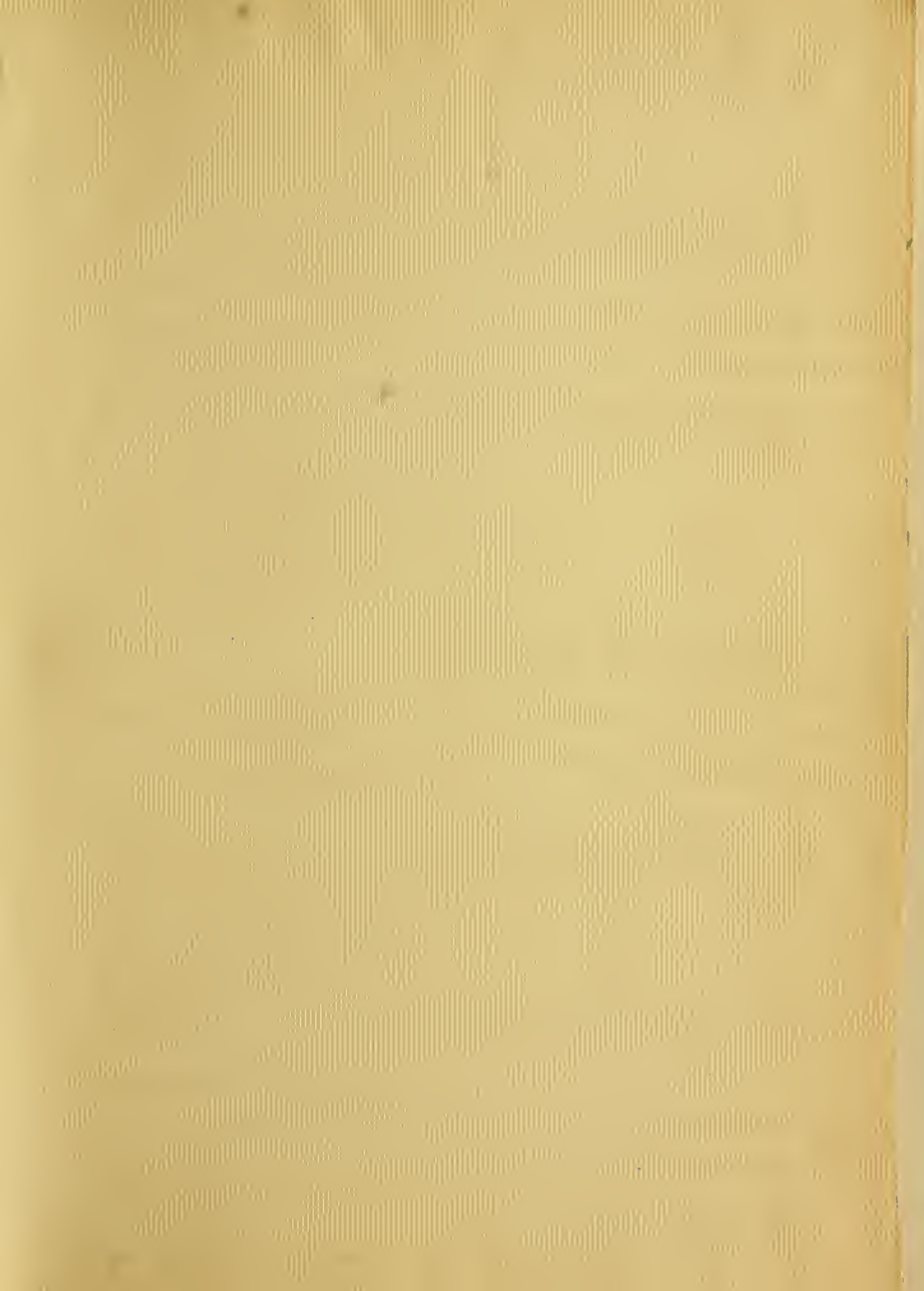
It is youth alone that lives and is beloved; age
dies long before it enters the grave. We are young
as long as we live the truth of our hearts; we are
old when we stifle our heart's voices.

We are idlest when we worry; we are maddest
when we pretend; we are meanest when we are
untrue to our friends; we are most arrogant when
we judge.

No matter if you are bright or sad, no matter if
you are good or bad, no matter if you are sane or
mad, there are thousands of others like you.

Keep us strong in our adversity! Keep us sane
in our success! Keep us kind amidst our pleas-
ures! In our misery, keep us just!

As long as nature has a word to say, there will
be love and romance.



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